The Commonweal

## WEEK BY WEEK

### *Bipartisanship*

JOHN FOSTER DULLES has been welcomed back to Washington political life as more than a popular political figure. Dulles, whose presence recalls the days when bipartisanship helped enormously to win the hottest war in history, is also a symbol of renewed determination to get on with the present cold struggle. His appointment and that of ex-Senator John Cooper as special consultants to Mr. Acheson have been hailed by many Democrats and Republicans alike as a step toward unity. But the question of an "unpartisan" policy is still far from being settled.

Some disgruntled Republicans on Capitol Hill hold that the new appointments are nothing more than symbolism, and pretty empty symbolism at that. They point out that in the final analysis, foreign policy is shaped by the President. He alone, under the Constitution, has the ultimate say-so and the consequent responsibility. To cooperate in such a way as to identify the Republican Party with his failures shows bad judgment and is even worse politics. Foreign-policy successes, this group feels, will inevitably be popularly attributed to the Administration. Bipartisanship counts for little at the polls.

Senator Taft argues from a somewhat loftier plane. Taft does not think that bringing Republicans like Dulles and Cooper into the executive picture accomplishes the stated aim of Mr. Vandenberg's "unpartisan approach." To be bipartisan, Taft says, "there must be real consultation on policies before they are adopted, with the representatives of the Republicans in Congress." He is frankly suspicious of Truman-appointed Republicans meeting in secret session with the Secretary of State. As a matter of principle, he believes the proper role of the opposition is to criticize, attack and goad on the party in power. As a matter of politics, he sees the present arrangement as benefiting the Democrats more than the nation at large and being positively harmful to Republican interests.

But even the critical Ohio Senator sees the need to call off politics at the water's edge. He agrees that the US must present a solid front to the world. He realizes how bickering in Congress gnaws away at US prestige. He knows that if *any* policy is to succeed, Congress has to vote the funds necessary to carry it out and to authorize treaties and international agreements. The problem is not bipartisanship itself but how bipartisanship should be implemented.

BOTH Dulles and Cooper have assured the leaders of their party that they will devote themselves wholly to the study of foreign-policy issues and keep the Republican members of the legislature informed. They both hope fondly to provide the much-needed liaison between the GOP wing of Congress and the State Department. But this assurance itself is not enough. There is an abiding suspicion in Republican circles that the two new appointees have been secured as mere window dressing. And without the wholehearted cooperation of the Republicans on the Hill, bipartisanship will certainly fail.

Apparently it is necessary to take a few more steps. One comparatively simple solution proposed is that a subcommittee be set up from among ranking members of the Foreign Affairs Committees of both houses—representatives of both parties to be included, of course. This subcommittee would meet regularly with Mr. Acheson or his representatives to discuss the general directions of foreign policy and the broad steps being taken. It would be understood that the State Department would hear out members of the subcommittee before making significant moves. Members of the Foreign Affairs committees would be kept constantly informed of State Department plans by Mr. Dulles and Mr. Cooper.

This kind of program, say its advocates, would



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## • NEXT WEEK •

Ever since the Holy Father's recent statement on the ecumenical movement, people have been asking why the Church refused to become a member of the World Council of Churches, yet has now decided to lend qualified approval to the movement.

THOMAS BOYLE explains the seeming inconsistency, traces the background and projects some possible effects of the new Catholic policy in "The Church and the Churches."

increase true bipartisan cooperation and more directly involve the elected representatives of the Republican Party. It would mean much more than the mere appointment of two GOP experts as consultants. The naming of Dulles and Cooper might have been a gracious gesture, Republican critics say, but they expect more than bipartisan gestures. They want as much participation as possible.

### *Harry Bridges: R.I.P.*

IN AUGUST, 1920, Harry Bridges arrived in this country from Australia on the barkentine *Ysobel*. For twelve years he was a longshoreman on the San Francisco docks, and learned the facts of waterfront existence at a time when depression and employer tactics combined to make that a desperate existence. He emerged from the 1934 strikes, where two longshoremen were killed and a hundred other people injured, as leader of the strikers and in control of the hiring halls. Since that time Bridges has had an armlock on West Coast shipping.

The ship and warehouse owners don't like armlocks, and they have been after Bridges for sixteen years. They have not neglected opportunities for bringing Bridges' membership in the Communist Party, now established by his perjury conviction in San Francisco, to the Government's attention.

In 1939 the U. S. Immigration authorities tried to have him deported. Special Immigration Examiner Landis said he was not a Communist. In 1941 Special Immigration Examiner Sears said he was. In 1942 the Board of Immigration Appeals said he was not. That year the Attorney General said he was, and ordered him deported. In 1945 the Supreme Court in a five-to-three decision, ruled "exceedingly tenuous" the evidence that Bridges was a Communist, and it overruled the Attorney General. Three months later Bridges swore he was not and never had been a Communist, became a citizen, and said, "It is my intention to cherish these privileges always." In 1948 the CIO dismissed him as regional director for failure to follow the CIO's anti-Communist policy.

Last November the Government put Bridges on trial, charging him with lying when he swore during his naturalization that he had never been a Party member. Ten witnesses said he had been a Communist between 1933 and 1945, and the jury found Harry Bridges guilty of perjury and



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conspiracy. Once again Bridges will carry his defense to the Supreme Court. Then, probably two years hence, if his conviction is upheld, he can be deprived of citizenship and deportation proceedings begun.

Bridges leaves his union, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, with a coastwise no-strike, no-lockout contract with the Pacific Maritime Association which will run through 1951. It has contracts in Hawaii until the same time. Coast longshoremen are getting better wages than elsewhere in the country.

Bridges has been identified with the union for these sixteen years. Now it seems that the union is not only able to carry on without him, but that he would run into serious trouble if he were to stay with the ILWU. Right-wingers have captured San Francisco Local 10, Bridges' home local, and a CIO special committee will soon consider whether Bridges himself is to be expelled from the CIO Executive Board.

Harry Bridges, for his own motives, whatever they were, did a tremendous job for West Coast labor. He would not have been fought so persistently and strenuously on the Communist charge if he had not been so effective a labor leader. For that he has earned respect, and it must be given him, even now when his day is finished.

## *Narrowing the Gap*

TO LOP off a billion dollars worth of United States exports to Europe and in turn to add a billion to American imports from Europe within two years is asking much. It is one way the dollar gap in US trade with Europe could be closed by the time Marshall Plan aid terminates. It is a direction the Economic Cooperation Administration is taking now, confining American exports to those which push European recovery the most and to goods which cannot readily be bought from soft-currency nations—and simultaneously doing all possible to stimulate imports from Europe.

But the two-billion dollar gap appears too wide. The best that can be hoped in the space of two short years is to bring it down to more manageable proportions. It is a complicated process but an important factor in keeping our "favorable trade balance" in hand—a factor which has always been important—is Europe's trade with Asia, Oceania, Latin America and other less developed areas of the globe. This, too, must be considerably expanded if the Continent is not to be subject to a chronic export deficit. That is one of the big roles Point IV could play.

The task of materially increasing dollar expenditures in Europe has its fascinating aspects. It sets American salesmanship its biggest task and it is the sort of operation at which this nation should excel. Indeed the division of ECA concerned with promoting international trade appears to be going about its new work with the assurance only experience can provide.

On the manufacturing end, the job is to get European manufacturers to aim directly at the lush American market. People in this highly competitive land demand certain attributes of the things they buy: durability, standard models, specifications and parts, delivery on the date promised, reasonable retail prices. Moreover, for various unaccountable reasons, they like one type or style and dislike another. So that this ECA division has to make European manufacturers see the essential need for preliminary market research. It must work with American commercial attachés abroad and leading national and international trade agencies to enable European manufacturers to make a serious bid in the American market.

Here at home salesmanship has to be more direct. Such devices as the international fair to be staged in Philadelphia next month and in Chicago in August, synchronized with smaller European merchandise exhibits in other American cities, will alternate with direct approaches to US businessmen. At the same time national business interests and the public must be continually reminded that the over-all goal for imports of products that would compete with our own is less than a billion and a quarter—less than one percent of this nation's annual production.

Clearly the import-increase objective in narrowing the export-import trade gap with Europe has comparatively modest proportions. In the light of what European prosperity and stability mean for the defense of the West, an appeal might be made on the grounds of personal patriotism. Logically, there is a justification for posters everywhere posing the question, "What have *you* bought to assure European prosperity?" Psychologically that might not do. But the security of the American family depends ever more directly on conditions overseas.



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## *Getting Food to China*

THE possibility of doing something about the worst famine in modern China's history is somewhat more alive than it was three weeks ago. Although certain US Senators have expressed their opposition to aid for the Chinese people in any form so long as they languish under a Red dictatorship, a number of other Senators would permit such shipments provided they went out under the aegis of the Red Cross, the Quakers or some other private agency.

Even the Chinese Communists, still denying the existence of a famine, appear to be divided on the question of allowing food shipments from abroad. The arrival in Hong Kong of a small famine mission from the Chinese interior is a sign that the question is not definitively settled in the negative. Meanwhile Chiang's request for world aid, the smuggling of food to the mainland from Formosa (and his appeal to Christians on the island to fast on Good Friday in order to build up vital supplies for the famine areas) have dramatized the situation.

These would seem to be the necessary steps: a major American private relief agency would have to step forward; it would then secure the approval which is needed from the appropriate arm of the United States Government; it would make the necessary Chinese arrangements. These latter would include permission to send food ships through the Nationalist blockade, but the main hurdle will be to persuade the Chinese Communist authorities. In order to obtain their consent, the American or international agency of mercy should be willing to forego insistence that the Chinese people be told the source of their new sustenance—provided the agency may send in enough personnel to see that the surplus food actually reaches the hungry. In other words, Americans should be willing to make this vital relief as non-political as possible, if necessary to secure the permission that will literally save millions of human lives.

Failing this, we should look into the possibility of getting food into the interior directly through the Chinese Nationalists and their air force—from Formosa. Food is a legitimate political weapon; starvation is not.

## *Selling the Sizzle*

IT CAN safely be said of the motion-picture industry what has been murmured over the remains of many a life-long drunk: it has been its own worst enemy. For example, there are approximately 25,000 workers in the film capital. Eighty percent of them are married, and of these, seven out of ten have never been divorced, a record somewhat better than for the rest of the country. Even among the big-name stars there are examples of quiet, wholesome living that the industry could be proud of. But these facts have generally been treated like skeletons in the dressing-room closet. The emphasis in Hollywood publicity has always been on the bizarre, and the monotonous immorality that passes as glamorous living. Hollywood writers and columnists have long made ends meet by reporting the messy habits of the town's glamorous neurotics, and the studios have cooperated enthusiastically and then cashed in on the ensuing notoriety.

From time to time Hollywood spokesmen have insisted piously that the front-page boys and girls were the industry's lunatic fringe and not representative, indeed, were frowned upon. At the same time there was no reluctance to cash in on the boudoir exploits, by ahead-of-schedule releases, juicy advertising and film rushes. The vulgar hoopla for *Stromboli* was an extreme case, but it was in an old Hollywood tradition. The fast buck has invariably triumphed over the long view among the West Coast kids.

Extremes bring on extremes. Senator Johnson's proposal that film stars be morally stamped, like pure food, before being allowed to pursue their profession is patently an extreme and distasteful measure. It can hardly be taken seriously. But it should give the Hollywood potentates something to think about.

Some steps are being taken in Hollywood. MGM, for instance, is conducting a series of orientation classes for its personnel, warning against tawdry publicity and asking them to make their public conduct "a little more dignified, a little less scatterbrained." George Murphy conducts a radio program called "The *Good* News from Holywood," which accents the wholesome aspects of life among the stars.

But some people are slow to catch on. As an example of the myopic viewpoint, we submit the following movie-ad copy which is currently appearing in all the New York papers. "There are ways of making a woman betray her honor . . . It's done with *Humiliation* and *Shame*. The most shocking story of human degradation ever to reach the screen!" The copy is illustrated with a picture of a presumably shamed woman. The movie itself is called *Guilty of Treason*. It is the story of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial.



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# *Quebec Bishops and American Capital*

## The Church in French-Canada preaches a social doctrine "worse than Communism."

*Murray Ballantyne*

FOR years Quebec has been the happy hunting ground of capital—particularly American capital. Her immense sources of power, her timber, her minerals, and her large and docile labor reserve have attracted much foreign equipment and "know-how."

Other parts of the world might have proved disappointing, but here capital and management flourished. The natural resources were seemingly limitless, the government was compliant, the workers were faithful and easily satisfied, and order was guaranteed by the powerful influence of the Catholic Church. So long as Catholicism remained strong—and who could envisage its decline?—business men expected to be untroubled by any form of radicalism. Catholics believe in private property, the Church teaches obedience to duly constituted authority, it preaches satisfaction with frugal comforts, it condemns Communism and continental socialism, and it opposes class-war. No wonder then that capital looked to Quebec as the last stronghold of peace and prosperity in a world going mad.

And now this Church which had promised so well, and which had received such careful treatment, begins to speak in strange accents and to preach a doctrine which some find as bad or worse than Communism. Capitalism in Quebec had rested on the triple association of employers, government and Church. The present government of Mr. Duplessis is still on excellent terms with capital; but many churchmen in high and low places are differing with both.

Catholic universities are preaching interpretations of the social encyclicals which are revolutionary in their implications. Catholic unions are acting aggressively and asking to share not only in profits but also in management. A committee of priests set up by the hierarchy has issued a booklet outlining in principle a radical transformation of the present competitive system; and even a bishop has been heard publicly to condemn capitalism and to call for its replacement rather than its reform.

This trend hit the headlines last year in the famous asbestos workers strike. Most of the world's raw asbestos is obtained from eastern Quebec. For months almost the whole supply was tied up by a bitter quarrel. Among the companies involved was the Canadian Johns-Manville Co. Ltd., a subsidiary of the powerful American corporation. The union involved was Catholic.

Striking before having gone through all the stages stipulated by the Quebec Industrial Relations Act, the workers were clearly infringing the law. Despite this fact the Church authorities resisted all pressure to give directions to the union officials. The Church's only action, apart from condemnation of the violence which eventually appeared, was to feed the workers' families so that when negotiations were renewed the companies would be dealing with "live men not dead."

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THIS whole situation has been brought to the boil by the recent resignation of the Most Rev. Joseph Charbonneau as Archbishop of Montreal. Archbishop Charbonneau was generally recognized as a dominant figure in the Canadian hierarchy. He had played a leading part in organizing collections for the striking asbestos workers. Although never a doctrinaire critic of capitalism, he had—it was widely recognized—a particular sympathy for the poor and a determination not to see repeated in 20th-century French-Canada the tragedy whereby in 19th-century France the workers had been lost to the Church.

His resignation from the largest see in the British Commonwealth was ostensibly submitted for reasons of ill-health. But it is generally believed that this reason was but a pretext. In political, business, and ecclesiastical circles there has been intense, at times frenzied, speculation as to the real reasons for this almost unprecedented and profoundly disturbing step.

It was known that when two of Duplessis'

MURRAY BALLANTYNE *became familiar with the social policy of the Church in Quebec during his years as editor of the Canadian Register and subsequently of the Ensign.*



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ministers went to Rome for the opening of the Holy Year they had taken with them a report of more than a hundred pages severely critical of the Archbishop of Montreal among other church figures. Many people therefore jumped to the conclusion that political influence was responsible for the Archbishop's resignation.

Others argued that it was Wall Street and American management which had secured the Archbishop's forced resignation. This belief was entertained even in certain New York banking and political circles; but it received its widest support in the Communist press of more than one country. The Party publications described the incident as proof of Communist contention that the Church was allied with wealth and reaction.

So intense did the unrest become that the Apostolic Delegate to Canada felt obliged to issue a categoric affirmation that he had fully sympathized with and supported the charitable social policy of Archbishop Charbonneau.

Moreover, there have been two other significant developments. One is the issuance by all the Quebec Bishops of a long and very significant collective pastoral letter, "The Problem of the Worker." The other is the naming of Archbishop Charbonneau as archiepiscopal assistant to the Pontifical Throne and a Roman Count.

This vital letter makes it abundantly clear that the social views generally attributed to Archbishop Charbonneau are to be maintained; indeed in places the letter might be said to go even further than his thought.

So important and so detailed is this pastoral that it has been issued with an official resumé of some seven thousand words. It offers considerable counsel to all sides—to government, to capital, to labor, to teachers and others who influence public opinion.

The resumé begins by acknowledging that recent rapid industrialization has brought about "profound changes" in the economic life of once rural Quebec. Despite the relatively fortunate position of the Quebec worker, numerous "evils" are listed. They include inequitable distribution of wealth, inadequate industrial hygiene, and shortage of decent housing.

Stressed beyond any of these points, however, is the contention that the basic problem of the proletariat is caused by the present-day "marked separation between capital and labor," which causes "many misunderstandings and conflicts." It is stated plainly that the current feeling of frustration among workers, and the attendant loss of sense of responsibility and workmanship flow from the workers' loss of status.

In place of an economy "impregnated with economic liberalism," the letter proposes a system based on a Christian concept of work which will:

> (a) gradually lead organized workers to participate in management, profits, and ownership, according to a just concept of the nature of private property (droit privée) and of the legitimate rights of proprietors over productive property.
>
> (b) provide an organization of labor based on a statute to protect efficaciously the right of association—employers' as well as workers'—which will normally lead the associations of employers and employees towards a system of industrial councils.

In the opinion of the bishops, "the restoration of the condition of the workers cannot be brought about unless the workers have a noble and truly Christian appreciation of their dignity and unless they are fundamentally disposed to cooperate and to aid one another." It follows from this contention not only that the right of association is vigorously supported, but also that the cooperative movement is endorsed—"particularly for the solution of the housing problem."

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THE employers, who are reminded that they "carry the heavy heritage of an unjust economic regime which has exercised its ravages for several generations," are told that "upon them in great part rests the responsibility of making this regime conform to the prescriptions of the natural and the divine law, even at the cost of certain sacrifices." . . . "Firmly attached to the doctrine of private property, the Church asks employers not to forget the social aspect. . . ." And if they have difficulty in practicing social justice by reason "of the impediments . . . caused by unbridled competition in existing economic life," then "by uniting in professional associations which draw their inspiration from the Church, they will derive numerous advantages in the economic, social, and moral order."

The government, which has left in force labor legislation universally recognized to be inadequate and inefficient, is reminded that "legislation concerning the right of association should constantly be improved so as to permit a sound unionism to fulfill its necessary role as an agent of order and social peace. Consequently laws on industrial relations, on collective agreements, and on the prevention of conflicts by conciliation and arbitration, should be such as to protect all the legitimate interests of workers." Moreover, although the workers are reminded that civil authority comes from God and "merits profound



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respect," it is also stipulated that "such respect should be met with among those who exercise this authority. . . . ."

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IT SEEMS clear that the ecclesiastical authorities in the Province of Quebec are well aware of the impact of modern industrialization upon their traditionally agrarian and patriarchal people. They have seen the consequences of an "evil system of work . . . which leads to an abject materialism." They are conscious of the problems posed by the future of "industrial man." In order to remedy present defects in the system and to forestall revolutionary and false solutions, they are determined to work for a system of integration of capital and labor through the industrial councils called for so insistently and so clearly in papal pronouncements.

Let us not shut our eyes to the truth. The implementation of their views means the end of a system self-regulated (at least theoretically) by the play of free competition, and its replacement by a system largely regulated by organized capital and labor.

The principles of such a social restoration are clear and sound. Their application bristles with difficulties. Catholic Quebec is neither an island nor an oasis. Its economy is far from being self-sufficient. On the contrary, it is intimately linked with the whole of North America. Catholic employers and Catholic employees work in a pluralistic milieu. Such solutions as they seek must therefore carry with them the approval or at least the tolerance of non-Catholic colleagues.

Moreover the French-Canadian mind thinks in terms of a class-structure too rigid to appeal to the Anglo-Saxon, whether Protestant or Catholic. Despite its vigorous language in defense of the rights of workers, the pastoral letter may seem to Anglo-Saxon, and particularly to American ears to conceive of employers and employees as permanently distinct classes, whereas in our experience these two groups receive much the same education and individual members pass readily from one to the other.

If French-Canadian labor is to participate to any degree in management, it must be educated to assume its new responsibilities. In Quebec this problem poses particular difficulties, for in that Province education beyond the elementary level has traditionally been for the élite and not for the masses. Quebec's network of classical colleges, culminating in her two French-speaking universities, guards a priceless heritage of true education as opposed to mere instruction. It has produced an élite of deeper culture and more mature taste than can be found on the English-speaking side. But it is ill-suited to the vast mass of the people without marked intellectual aptitudes who must earn their livings by ordinary trades and skills. Education in Quebec today is being adapted to meet new industrial and democratic needs. The equivalents to high-school classical courses are being provided; technical and trade schools are being developed; and the universities are doing good work in economics, sociology, industrial relations and similar subjects. It is clear, however, that this trend must be speeded up, and that some form of higher education must be made general if the papal program of professional organization is to be put into practice.

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HOWEVER the basic difficulty in applying the principles found in the new pastoral lies on a deeper and more general level. The problem confronting technicians in management, political enconomy, and industrial relations, is how to gain the benefits of conscious regulation without losing liberty to bureaucracy, and how to rationalize industry through councils without losing the drive of competition.

If industrial councils are to be entrusted with the regulation of industry, then some machinery of enforcement must be established to discipline offenders. What sanctions are to be imposed, and who is to impose them? Then again, if wages, standards, and prices are to be determined on an industry-wide basis, can we keep enough spirit of competition to ensure efficiency and service?

These are questions to which Catholics should address themselves. The Bishops of Quebec have rendered us all a great service in establishing clearly and logically the social teaching of the Church and the implications which can be derived therefrom. But the enunciation of principles is only half the job. There remains the contentious and necessary work of applying these principles to the human, political, and economic realities of here and now. The principles are clear and immutable, for they flow from the natural law. But the way to apply them, and the speed with which they can be put into effect, are matters of opinion.

American capital now knows the ideal towards which the Catholic Church in Quebec is tending. The way in which this ideal can best be achieved is a matter for business, labor, and political leaders to study and implement. Provided they do so in a spirit of mutual trust and Christian conviction, Quebec can give in reality what so many have sought there: peace, order, and prosperity.



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# *Half a Million Salesmen on the March*

## American Advertising sees salvation on the horizon with a great day dawning.

*John P. Sisk*

IN MY MORE depressed and cynical moments I sometimes think that the American advertising magnate lives in a universe as fabulously unreal as that of The Arabian Nights. I thought this lately as I read through *Heritage and Destiny in Advertising* by Walter D. Fuller, president of the Curtis Publishing Company. This recently distributed pamphlet is the printed version of an address delivered last November before the Advertising Club of New York and the Advertising Federation of America. The occasion was the dedication of the Advertising Hall of Fame in the Advertising Club of New York. I feel safe in saying that Mr. Fuller's rhetoric was equal to the occasion. What he says about advertising reminds one of what Longinus said about the Sublime or Plotinus about the emanations of the One. Mr. Fuller has seen visions and dreamt dreams.

Specifically, he says, and means seriously, that advertising has brought about "the most remarkable development of widespread mass education in the history of the world;" that because of advertising, women all over the land "wear the same styles in clothes, discuss the same subjects in their clubs and equally share in their responsibilities of citizenship;" that those titan pioneers of advertising, Wanamaker, Curtis, Jones and Johns—men who led us out of the desert to the borders of the Promised Land—"have passed on to their eternal reward" having first through the "mists and fogs of their futures . . . dreamed great dreams" and seen "colossal mirages [sic] of progress;" that "advertising is the surest way to bring prosperity to America and the world, the most certain road to true security and the real solution to the problem of universal happiness;" that Mr. David F. Austin, Vice President of Big Steel in Charge of Sales, was right when he said that "the half million salesmen of America must save the world;" that "continuing prosperity is the sure way to combat socialism and communism;" that advertising can be a major factor in bringing peace to the world; that floods of more convincing propaganda about our American way of life "could bring long-lasting peace;" and that "anybody or anything that puts an obstacle in the way of advertising today is doing our nation a great disservice."

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SUCH in brief is Mr. Fuller's message. It would be quite possible (and good fun) to read his address as a satire on advertising, where he enthusiastically says exactly the opposite of what he knows his audience will see is his real meaning. But his sincerity is after all transparent; and besides, the hoax of it otherwise would be unthinkable. Mr. Fuller means what he says and so there is double irony. It is ironical that he should be unaware of the irony of what he says.

From the above summary of Mr. Fuller's address it is clear that he is mainly optimistic. But he has the tempered and considered optimism of the clear-visioned man of business (after all, as NAM's *Industry Leaders Manual* asserts, "business men are not given to wishful thinking"). He is aware that we live in troubled times, that advertising has been dropping (from 3.9% of our national income during the 1920's to a little over 2% in 1949), and that industry must decide at once to retool for the 1950 buyers' market. But his speech is full of the conviction that advertising will meet the challenge.

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IN THE first place, *Heritage and Destiny in Advertising* suggests what the NAM's *Industry Leaders Manual* suggests: that industry has launched a Christopher movement of its own. It has apparently resolved to present its case vigorously and positively. It is no longer going to apologize for its existence; it has a program for the good life and intends to spread its gospel broadcast "in short, simple, understandable words that deliver their message in plain English," as the NAM *Manual* says. The days of doubt, of inferiority complex, of soul searching, are over. The Promised Land, seen through whatever "mists" and "fogs," is to be categorically affirmed. *Heritage and Destiny in Advertis-*

JOHN P. SISK *is assistant professor of English at Gonzaga University in Spokane.*



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*ing* has the true hallelujah ring to it.

That, in fact, is one disquieting thing about the address. It has the militant doctrinaire tone that suggests nineteenth rather than twentieth-century capitalism: as if it were a defensive regression from bewildering complexity to an earlier and more satisfactory childhood attitude which, because it inspired confidence once, might do it again. It insists upon seeing the world's difficulties as a simple competition of very obviously good guys with wonderful ideas against very obviously bad guys with terrible ideas: as a child sees it. More specifically, it insists upon seeing the most crucial issue of our times as that of capitalism versus anti-capitalism, with all other issues dependent upon the outcome.

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IN THE second place, it appears that advertising is of necessity entering its pseudo-religious, mystic stage. Of necessity, because it needs the integrating and sanctioning force of a religion to gird it for the battle. When our prime values are threatened we instinctively "mystify" them: glamorize them with rhetoric, hagiography, thaumaturgy and ceremonial—thus giving them in our own eyes (and, we hope, in the eyes of the opposition) more imposing stature.

Of course, this has always gone on in advertising to some extent. Advertising has always presented the *summum bonum* of materialism with ritual and ceremonial. The microcosm of tooth paste has always made poetic references to an ambiguous but compelling macrocosm of sublimer things. Much of what goes on in a prayer or a sonnet goes on in an advertisement: the machinery is marvelously the same and makes deceptively similar noises as it turns over; only we begin from different premises and so end up in a different heaven. For four score years, but chiefly during the last score, advertising has been a living testimony to what Christopher Dawson tells us is the ineradicable religious instinct in man. Hence the apocalyptic vision of the half million salesmen of America saving the world.

It is all there: the prophets, the special revelation, the gospel, the missionaries, the promise of eternal glory. One is tempted to complete the picture. The scripture will be an omnibus edition of Dale Carnegie, while NAM's *Manual* will supply handily indexed exegetical commentary for the refutation of the skeptical and agnostic; American silver dollars will be distributed liberally as amulets; in stock exchanges (where the unseen finger writes the word) revival sermons will be common occurrences; wonders will be worked daily. . . .

My point is not that advertising, or industry in general, has completely blinded itself to or is completely callous about social and spiritual realities. There is evidence in Mr. Fuller's address, for instance, that he is aware how an irrational fear of such a term as "socialistic" can frighten us away from needed social reforms. There is also evidence of his presumption that American business still operates out of the Christian dispensation and that what he says is simply a common sense application of Christianity to the field of advertising.

But there is my point. The ad-man's mysticism becomes "religion" imperceptively. The gears shift as noiselessly as those of a 1950 Chrysler. The values change, the meaning of the world changes, and nobody knows the difference: not right away, at least. Almost imperceptively the new values begin to exploit the old values, use them as means to their end. For this reason any future unbiased history of capitalism will have to include a long chapter on how it instinctively (and of necessity?) used patriotism and religion as tools. In such a chapter the use early nineteenth century British industrialists made of emergent Methodism will not be the only case cited.

Nor is my point that advertising as such is fundamentally wrong and corrupt. I presume that if it is legitimate to sell anything it is also legitimate to present it attractively to potential buyers. I presume that in a capitalist society advertising performs a vital function; that its techniques could be used to propagate important human truths; that it could even have something to say about the good life. My point, however, is that advertisers may not be the best critics of the truths they propagate, nor be the authorities on the good life that they like to believe they are. When they act as though they are the sanctified articulators of the way, the truth and the life they lay themselves dangerously open to criticism.

★

IN THE third place, Mr. Fuller's pamphlet makes it increasingly and painfully apparent how much we have come to resemble what its author obliquely refers to as a "certain country." This resemblance Mauriac recently commented on in *Le Figaro* and earned for his pains *Time's* snidest disdain. "It is not that which separates the USSR from the USA which frightens us," he said, "but rather that which they have in common. . . ."

This is not a pleasant thought for us Americans who like to fancy ourselves as the lily-white bearers of the torch of civilization into the hinterland darkness—which by pure coincidence, no doubt, happens to be pretty nearly everywhere except where we are. For our own



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peace of mind we stand with *Time*, making *ad hominem* references to the "beaky, squeaky French Catholic poet," and dismissing such a heterodox view as "lazy escapism." To be admonished by a foreigner, and a poet to boot, who adds insult to injury by saying that our culture tends to create "a type of man who can be utilized and therefore . . . standardized," and that indispensable to both the USA and the USSR is the "treatment of man as means and not as an end," is understandably intolerable.

But poor Mauriac is only repeating a criticism of our culture that is hoary with Catholic, Protestant and agnostic tradition here as well as abroad. It is echoed today by numerous priests, ministers, psychiatrists, H-bomb scientists, divers American poets and novelists, and here and there even by politicians. Things are in the saddle and riding mankind. Whether Emerson said it a hundred years ago or it is said today by Eric Gill and Erich Fromm, the meaning for us is the same. Man defining himself as means rather than as end, as an expertly fashioned tool to be used by the state for the state—or by himself for the accumulation of material wealth or power over others; man eager to sell himself for the security he delusively sees in things, willing to develop only that fraction of himself that will make him safe and powerful: such a man will lose both his soul and his freedom.

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INDEED, the dissenters from Mr. Fuller's orthodoxy, the scoffers at his brave new world, make an imposing legion. They are the very people who share with him (but often for reasons other than his) his hatred of any form of collectivism and all that leads to it. *Time* will not talk them down with glittering alliteration nor will the Advertising Federation of America bedazzle them into conversion with "colossal mirages of progress." Nor are they likely to be frightened into conformity by being identified with those who, by putting obstacles in the way of advertising, "are doing the nation a great disservice."

They are used to this kind of talk. For the last hundred and fifty years, at least, everyone who has ever tried to protect the human being from the repeated attacks of the monster called "economic man" (who flutes his malevolent siren song through modern advertising) has been identified publicly with the forces of evil. The line is wearing thin. It is a tribute to Mr. Fuller's enthusiasm and faith that he invests it with as much bounce as he does. Yet there is something naively out of joint in that very bounce: as if we were observing a Götterdämmerung situation to which the background music was Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.

# The Labor Movement

## Hiring Halls and Taft-Hartley

IT IS, I THINK, more clearly understood than it used to be that the authors of the Taft-Hartley Act did not know what they were doing. This law was the product of a good deal of confusion and anger. Its authors, and their assistants, were in many respects unaware of the facts of industrial life.

All this can be proved in many ways. Especially illustrative of it, however, is the provision in Taft-Hartley which outlawed the hiring halls. How hiring halls operate was described in this magazine (January 27) by Daniel Seligman. I am not going to go over his material except to note that since he wrote, our Supreme Court has declared that hiring halls are illegal under the Taft-Hartley Law. In consequence of that ruling a major shipping strike is a probability.

A hiring hall is a central hiring office to which requests from employers come for workers and from which jobs are assigned. It is a relatively civilized and democratic response to the graft and corruption and violence that are part of what is called the shapeup.

The hiring halls, or most of them, are run by unions. Since employers request "qualified" workers, difficulty turns around the interpretation of that word. For the unions find it easy to conclude that "qualified" workers are men who belong to unions and are in good standing. Absolute fairness, obviously, would only be satisfied if job despatchers filled the jobs without reference to union membership. But absolute justice is an ideal. The unions say that rough justice is maintained.

It is true that the shapeup means roughness without justice and often without jobs. It is equally true that difficulties inhere in the hiring hall system. On the Great Lakes, shippers have successfully contended that crews hired through union halls have not been satisfactory.

It was, indeed, the Great Lakes shippers who protested the continuance of the hiring halls as an "unfair labor practice" under the Taft-Hartley Law. Technically the shippers were correct. An NLRB examiner so held, the Circuit Court of Appeals so held, and now these two decisions have had Supreme Court confirmation.

There has been a good deal of hedging on the waterfront ever since Taft-Hartley became law. The employers had an advantage they were in no special hurry to press—except on the West coast. The unions expected that they would be able to get Taft-Hartley repealed. At union insistence provisional hiring hall clauses were written into all contracts, their legality to be subject to decision "in a court of last resort."

Now that such a decision has been made, the provisional clauses have ceased to bind. In effect the shippers and



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the unions are on a day to day basis. Either a substitute system must be worked out, new legislation written or the "chaos" some industry representatives allege to fear will become a fact.

The simplest way out of the difficulty would have been for the authors of Taft-Hartley to make a special exception for the hiring halls. For it was not the hiring halls as such that were outlawed but the closed shop.

Such exception is proposed in the painfully pending Magnuson-Lesinski Bill. By this bill the hiring halls would be regarded as a "special industry practice." Hearings on it have been completed before a House Committee and a Senate Committee. But neither of them has made any recommendation on the basis of the hearings, preferring to leave that to full committees. This presumes a span of time which may not exist, and a patience which may be over-taxed. Hence the probability of a strike.

Cyrus Ching, chief of the the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, has gone on record as saying that "an acceptable substitute" for the hiring halls must be found. It is barely possible that Harry Lundeberg has found it.

Lundeberg, the tough boss of the AFL Seafarers International Union, would maintain the hiring hall, but fill jobs on the basis of previous employment or of seniority. In effect that would involve union membership, but Lundeberg maintains that Senator Taft has approved his plan.

Of course in the absence of union membership, open shop conditions would prevail, a condition shippers are in favor of. The whole world of gangsterism would be restored, and the whole world of advance created by the unions would be destroyed. Kindness would make one assume that these are consequences the authors of Taft-Hartley do not want. But kindness makes one assume, also, that they were unfamiliar with the special conditions in the maritime industry when they wrote their law. For, as Mr. Seligman has pointed out, "there is no real middle ground between the hiring hall and the open shop." But the open shop on the waterfront in the year 1950 is quite literally unthinkable.

★

NONETHELESS I am amused at the most recent defense of the Magnuson-Lesinski Bill. It comes from Paul Hall. Mr. Hall is the secretary-treasurer of the Atlantic and Gulf District of Seafarers International Union. Observing that the hiring hall is the stabilizer of labor relations in the shipping industry, Mr. Hall discovers that it is, also, a bulwark against Communist infiltration. It effectually eliminates, according to him, the Communists' "long range program of fomenting disorder and chaos on the nation's waterfront."

Now it is true, of course, that the whole question of the hiring halls has been discussed with heat in proportion as unemployment has increased. And unemployment on the waterfront has intensified the activity of the Communists. But the hiring hall system per se is not going to prevent that. Employment will mute it, since if there is a demand for men, men will work.

It seems to me to be mere nonsense to anchor a defense of hiring halls around the business of Communism. There is enough idiocy about Communism in this country, it seems to me, without resorting to that.

Actually there is some reason to suppose that one of the difficulties inherent in the hiring hall system is discrimination against Communists—or any other group which comprises political opposition within a given union.

The temptation to favor one's political friends, especially when jobs are scarce, is enormous. And there are those who maintain that such temptation has not, in Joe Curran's union, been successfully resisted.

It is interesting to observe, for example, that the Pacific Maritime Association of employers approved, in principle, the hiring hall system. But the same Association suggested that Congress make unions wholly financially responsible for law suits alleging discrimination.

If the hiring halls are to be kept, they deserve to be kept on their own merits. They do not deserve our support on the basis of any super-patriotic argument. They certainly do not merit our support if they are not run fairly.

I should have thought that it was a settled matter that Communists in trade unions are a separate question. Either they are to be allowed in—or they are to be kept out. But if they are in they are workers, and as such are entitled to work on exactly the same terms as anyone else.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

# The Screen

## Raining on the Good and Bad

SOME audiences like to see movies in which the violence takes place indoors; others prefer to watch rough-and-tumble in the great open spaces. This week's releases offer skullduggery in a variety of locales, and while none of the films will turn out to be the picture of the year, you may find some of these listed below diverting enough to win your money at the box-office.

*Shadow on the Wall*: is a better than average mystery-thriller. Its mystery and thrills turn up not so much in the murder as in the solving of the crime through psychotherapy and in the episodes in which the villain tries to dispose of the patient who witnessed the crime. Little Gigi Perreau is excellent as the child who finally reveals all through play therapy, and Ann Sothern, Zachary Scott, Nancy Davis and others will hold you spellbound through the chilling plot and the intricacies of psychiatric methods.

*D.O.A.*: has pretty many clichés in its script full of violence, but I doubt if it will bore you. The leading



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character, played by Edmond O'Brien, discovers he's been given a slow poison for which there is no antidote. In tracking down his murderer he has some very exciting and rough adventures involving some of the nastiest crooks ever put in a picture. Rudy Maté's direction is better than the material. Needless to say it is novel to have our hero dead on arrival.

*Guilty Bystander*: is a long chase film in which an alcoholic detective (Zachary Scott) pursues the toughies who kidnaped his son from his estranged wife (Faye Emerson). Photographed in New York this story could have been made into a tense chiller; but its makers got too complicated and arty, and its good cast, which also includes Mary Boland, Sam Levene and J. Edward Bromberg, act as if the script is another *Hamlet*.

*Deadly Is the Female*: shows how John Dall, who just can't leave guns alone, falls under the influence of Peggy Cummins. He hates to kill but she eggs him on, and finally the two become just old-fashioned bank robbers in a movie made with some interesting sociological touches. Although the production under Frank and Maurice King is outstanding, and the acting under Director Joseph H. Lewis stands up well, I find myself out of patience with these well-made movies that strain so hard to exculpate criminals. This sample isn't dull, but it may annoy you for the same reasons.

*Buccaneer's Girl*: has such a fascinating adventure-story quality, painted in Maxfield Parrish kind of Technicolor, that one almost overlooks its corny script. Director Fredrick de Cordova, keeping his tongue in cheek, lets his cast have a merry swashbuckling romp and the actors make the most of it. Yvonne De Carlo, Philip Friend, Elsa Lanchester, Robert Douglas and several others get in there and pitch; and the result, if you take it for what it is, becomes a mixture of blood, thunder and fun.

*The Iroquois Trail*: based on one of Cooper's novels, is supposed to be taken seriously. Only children, I'm afraid, will be taken in by George Montgomery, Brenda Marshall, Glenn Langdan, Reginald Denny *et al* in costume.

*Comanche Territory*: is full of Indians and white actors like Maureen O'Hara, MacDonald Carey, Will Geer, Charles Drake, etc. It tries to show that only the bad whites are responsible for the Indian troubles, but it forces its thesis so hard and it pushes humor so far that it succeeds only in being a vehicle decorated with Technicolor warpaint. Some of the fights are exciting but the total impression is one of feathers and hokum.

*Barricade*: shows Raymond Massey acting like a Little Caesar in a mining camp for fugitives from justice. Dane Clark and Ruth Roman refuse to have the spirit beaten out of them, and remarkably enough still have a spark of decency after going through the Massey treatment. I doubt if anything about this picture warrants your sitting it out unless you like fights and pretentious sensationalism.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# Of Note

## *The Role of the Parish*

AN EDITORIAL in the April issue of the Catholic Student Magazine, *Today* (638 Deming Place, Chicago 14, Illinois), written by Robert L. Reynolds, treats of "The Parish as a Family."

In *Revolution in a City Parish,* Abbé Michonneau makes some positive suggestions. He says our parishes must become spiritual families, in which both priests and laity are active members, each having a function to perform. This is no new concept; it merely seems so because, in too many cases, pastors and flock have lost contact with one another. The people, expecting the priest to do the whole job, have played a passive role for so long that we are surprised when anyone suggests we share in the apostolate. Himself a pastor, Abbé Michonneau recognizes the laity's lack of initiative, but makes no attempt to minimize the fact that the clergy bears an important share of the responsibility for it.

But we are not here concerned with voicing a layman's complaints. . . . What we *are* interested in is that the offensive be launched.

The situation calls for measures much more drastic than an occasional sermon on the Mass or an occasional admonition to make greater use of the missal. What is needed is a determined effort to make the Mass and the other elements of the liturgy come dramatically to life in our parish churches.

There is a certain amount of understandable hesitancy about initiating recitative or sung Masses, encouraging the entire congregation to participate fully in the liturgy of Christmas or Holy Week or Easter, seeking to explain the significance of the ceremonies and prayers when the Sacraments of Baptism or Matrimony, for example, are being administered.

Actually, however, these things represent not a departure from tradition, but a return to it. The only "tradition" from which we depart is a false tradition of religious individualism in which the real beauty of the public worship of the Church has remained hidden.

Young people who make retreats at Trappist abbeys, or who attend colleges near the monasteries of the various religious communities, are almost always deeply impressed at their first contact with communal liturgical worship. It is a real tragedy that such a revelation is reserved to so few, and that what should be the ordinary and enriching experience of every Christian's life is unavailable to the majority of us. . . .



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Nor do we mean to suggest that, once a truly liturgical parish life is established, the parish will automatically fulfill its apostolic mission. But an increased emphasis on the liturgy would appear to be an indispensable step in forming mature Christians who will see the necessity of doing more than saving their own souls.

The beginning of this understanding must be followed up by a constant and conscious attempt to see the parish as a team in which both clergy and laity work together to restore the neighborhood to Christ. If the popes intended the parish to be the center of Catholic Action, they apparently meant that apostolic groups of laymen should be encouraged, rather than distrusted or brushed aside because they do not conform to already established patterns for parish societies.

In any case, it is clear that the necessary changes will require patience and prudence on the part of both clergy and laity. But patience is not synonomous with hesitation, nor is prudence the same as timidity.

## *Monks in the Machine Age*

IN A RECENT edition of *Témoignage Chrétien* (100 rue de Richelieu, Paris IIe) Robert Barrat reports an interview with the French Benedictine monks of L'Hay-les-Roses. The community of L'Hay is still in the formative stage. Barrat reports on their plans for the future.

We don't intend to found a strictly clerical community. Many of our recruits come from the different Catholic Action movements. Why shouldn't they continue their apostolate when they have the added strength of religious life and the support that comes from living in community? These non-clerical religious are intimately involved in our apostolate, but nothing prevents their becoming workers like everyone else, and they will earn the bread the community eats. . . . Here we are harking back to the origins of the Benedictine life: most of the monks then were not clerics.

*But how do you reconcile this apostolic concern with the primitive ideal of the monastic life, which is still to renounce the world and live in solitude and poverty? When you set up a monastery five kilometers from Paris you plunge yourself right into the world; you give up silence and solitude.*

Everything goes through an evolution. The essential thing is to be faithful to the *spirit* of poverty, to the *spirit* of renunciation of the world. We cannot in the middle of the 20th century set up monastic communities which live in a completely closed economy as if they were still in the middle ages. The monasteries which have tried to do this have often ended up as parasites on the capitalistic system. Don't you think the true spirit of poverty today lies in creating communities whose members earn their living like ordinary workers employed in the factories and on the docks?

*Doesn't a life of work like that make a truly spiritual life very difficult if not impossible?*

Certainly not. On the contrary. The spiritual life of a monk would be enriched by permanent contact with the hardships of ordinary men.

*But, practically speaking, here at L'Hay can you combine conducting a parish with a life of factory work?*

Wait awhile, we've just begun. All our members work with their hands doing what they can do. And we intend little by little to establish communities of mission workers. Our community is a center for Catholic Action militants. During the last year or so we have taken in several young men who want to participate in our life as simple brothers. Others are married, but they keep in contact with us, too.

*Do you really think that in an urban, industrial society you can repeat what the medieval monks did for a rural, village society?*

Why not? *Every* social structure can be Christianized. Already a number of priest-workers have proved that they can exercise their priesthood while working within the very heart of a technical society. A priori, why should it be impossible to create cells of monks who while leading a very rigorous religious life, also work in shops and form apostolic teams in the factories? Whether you like it or not, the modern world is a technical world, urbanized and industrialized. You can't suppress that fact. And you can't Christianize the world from the outside, or by issuing a decree. You have to make it human, spiritualize it from within, starting at the bottom. For that we can't rely solely on the work of isolated individuals or even on groups of laymen who set objectives for themselves that are mainly temporal and political. Only groups of religious—priests and non-clerics—living in community under the same rule can succeed. . . .

*It is a beautiful dream, and I hope you succeed. But how do you stand now in getting the work under way?*

We have the patronage of the Abbey of Saint-André; and this is significant because Saint-André is a missionary abbey. . . . Beyond that—well, you know there is a place within the great Benedictine family for many different monastic forms. We are going to set up a new congregation called the Missionary Benedictines of the Parishes. Rome has already agreed to the principles and right now is studying our constitutions. . . .



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# These Gentle Traitors

James O'Gara

*He that trusteth to lies feedeth the winds:*
*and the same runneth after birds that fly away.*
Proverbs, X, 4.

ALGER HISS delighted in the hobby of bird-watching. One of the memorable experiences in his life seems to have been the sight of a rare warbler, "a gorgeous bird" he called it later, while on an off-hours expedition along the Potomac. It was a curious trick of fate that such a mild avocation, usually associated with nothing more sinister than letters to the London *Times,* should have played a part, even though a small one, in the final snaring of Hiss himself.

Under questioning years later, Whittaker Chambers displayed a knowledge of Hiss' life too intimate and too detailed, extending as it did even to such minor ornithological triumphs, for Hiss' denials of Chambers to ring true. Although Chambers never made bird-watching an organized hobby as Alger Hiss did, he knew enough about birds to remember without hesitation that the rare specimen which had excited Alger Hiss was called a prothonotary warbler.

That both Hiss and Chambers were bird-lovers is somehow eminently fitting, almost symbolical. Such a delicate interest illustrates vividly that free people must resist betrayal both by the bully boys who fight for command of the streets, and by the gentle people who are the bird-watchers of armed revolution. The tavern-roisterers, the vulgar little anti-Semites, the street-brawlers, all compete for our attention with the refined traducers, the genteel executioners, the cultured commissars. The only essential difference in the end result of their treason, if not in their motivation, is that some would speed us on our way with a kiss, and some with a blow. In either case the end of the line is Dachau.

★

*SEEDS OF TREASON* (Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. A *Newsweek* Book. Funk and Wagnalls. $3.50.) is described on the jacket cover as "the true story of the Hiss-Chambers tragedy." As such it is largely concerned, not with the bully boys, but with the deadly gentle people. The apparatus able to extract "confessions" behind the Iron Curtain appears only dimly and in the background. In the forefront are the actors with the correctly tailored clothes, the politely modulated accents, the well turned phrases. Many of them speak with the authority of assured social status; all are adept at balancing a tea-cup or a Martini glass while making polite capital gossip.

JAMES O'GARA *teaches sociology at Loyola University in in Chicago.*

These gentle people on the left, in other words, were part of a crowd in which that bantam little fascist, William Joyce, would have felt profoundly uncomfortable. Yet if the Hiss trial was not a monstrous miscarriage of justice, the activities of a handful of these polite people would make Joyce's violent treasons look petty.

*Seeds of Treason* is one of the first of what will, I suppose, be a rash of books on the Hiss-Chambers affair. Almost inevitably such books will be compared with *The Meaning of Treason,* Rebecca West's *tour de force.* Few books can stand such a comparison; certainly the present one cannot. Rebecca West plumbed depths of motivation; this book rarely penetrates surface appearances. Rebecca West wrote about people of substance, clothed in flesh and blood; *Seeds of Treason* is largely filled with shadowy cardboard figures. *The Meaning of Treason* was told in memorable prose; *Seeds of Treason* is pure journalese, often rather closer to the tabloids than to the *Times.*

This is not to say that *Seeds of Treason* does not make good reading. It does. If the book represents journalism rather than literature, it is exciting journalism. So compelling is the Hiss-Chambers story that no competent journalist could write about it without capturing some of its fascination. Toledano, an assistant editor of *Newsweek,* and Lasky, a staff writer for the *World-Telegram and Sun,* have ended up with a book more readable than most mystery stories and much harder to set aside.

In view of the fact that any undertaking like this book necessarily involves a great deal of selection and exclusion, a word of caution is probably in order. It is fair, I think, to say that *Seeds of Treason* is frankly partisan. The authors are quite convinced (as I am) of Hiss' guilt; they are what you might call pro-Chambers, anti-Hiss. Possibly by a different approach and a different method of selecting testimony, a completely opposite thesis might be supported. Perhaps such a book is already on the presses, painting Hiss as the victim of a most astounding series of coincidences or as the innocent dupe in a well calculated plot against him. How such a book will get around evidence like two hundred pages of secret State Department documents, all typed on Hiss' typewriter in a period during which the prosecution established that the machine was in Hiss' possession, I do not know. It is hard for me to see the decision of the grand jury which indicted Hiss or the final verdict of the jury which convicted him, as anything but reasonable, however much we may pity Hiss.

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IN THE telling of *Seeds of Treason,* Chambers comes through as a sympathetic and familiar figure. The man who recently remarked that the basic trouble with Communism is that there is in it no room for God, represents a type we have come to recognize easily, a figure almost classic in the cliché-ridden features of his original choice of Marxism: the early questing, the sensitive intelligence; the first-hand acquaintance with the conditions of the working poor; the philosophical-theological bent



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which kept him searching for explanations of existence and man's purpose; the whole-hearted giving of self that followed upon belief; the final revulsion at the workings of the police state.

If the figure of Chambers emerges from the conspiratorial gloom with some clarity, the same is not true for Alger Hiss. The one-time campus glad-hander and joiner of the right clubs seems, on the surface at least, quite a different character from Chambers, but he never comes into very clear focus. When the last page of *Seeds of Treason* is read and the book put down, the character of Alger Hiss remains almost as much of an enigma as it always was in the newspaper accounts. On this score the authors labored under more than the obvious difficulties; Hiss' lawyer said he could not expose his client to red-baiters, and Toledano and Lasky were unable even to interview Hiss in the preparation of this book.

Certainly the question mark over the character and motivations of Alger Hiss does not represent the only unanswered question in *Seeds of Treason,* even if the book does manage to piece together confusing events into an understandable pattern. Chambers broke with the Party in 1938. He was at first reluctant to turn informer on past associates by naming names, but the Hitler-Stalin pact changed his mind. From that point on Chambers did tell his story to responsible people (though without the confirmation of his "pumpkin papers," which he produced only when Hiss sued him for libel). Chambers early told his story to Isaac Don Levine, and Levine tried to interest government officials in Chambers' testimony. In March of 1940 Levine passed on Chambers' story to Martin Dies of the House Un-American Activities Committee. "But though the scatter-brained Texan issued a public statement that he would soon hear testimony from the 'head of the OGPU' in America," *Seeds of Treason* reports, "he seemed much more interested in pursuing hapless liberals and belaboring fellow-travelers than in busting open the spy ring."

★

PART of the seeming indifference of the officials concerned can be traced to the official Washington atmosphere of the period, then later to the wartime partnership with Russia. But by the time the cold war became a reality, the apparent lack of concern can be explained only by the fact that the House Un-American Activities Committee had largely forfeited the respect and confidence of serious observers both inside and outside the government. Toledano and Lasky are a long way from being bitter critics of the Committee, but reporting on one of Chambers' early appearance before that body, they remark: "What implications there were of espionage were often obscured by Representative John Rankin's ceaseless attempts to drag into the hearing every one of his pet hates in and out of the New Deal and to twist Chambers' words into anti-Semitic statements." Discussing the seeming reluctance of some government officials to act, they say: "The Administration had good reason to believe that the Committee had abused its in-


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vestigatory powers time and again, not to root out Communists but to tar the New Deal. Men like David Saposs, of good reputation and sound anti-Communism, had been hounded by the Dies Committee merely because they spoke with a slight accent and were Jews."

It seems clear that what looks, after the fact, like almost criminal carelessness by leading figures in American political life was actually a deep-seated weariness at seeing the tar brush liberally applied to honest men, plus the psychological deafness that must inevitably follow any constant crying of "Wolf! Wolf!" In no other way does it seem possible to explain the fact that even such a stalwart Republican as John Foster Dulles could brush off warnings that Hiss was a Communist and help secure his election as head of the Carnegie Endowment for Peace.

Clearly, subversion, espionage and treason are unhappy realities, not to be shrugged off casually. Intimately connected with our foreign policy, such subjects should not be used for vote-getting purposes, either with an eye to retaining or gaining public office; the situation is much too serious for that. Perhaps the way to get the facts, without either smear or whitewash, would be the creation of a new, non-partisan body, composed of men like Senators Vandenberg and Douglas who have demonstrated their ability to rise above purely party-interests. There is need to guard our liberties from assault. Surely to do the job we can find guardians able to command a more respectful hearing than did Representative Rankin & Co.

# Books

*Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America. Regina Shoolman and Charles E. Slatkin. Foreword by Charles Sterling. Oxford.* $7.50.

HERE is perhaps the essential secret of the fascination that drawings exert. Even when they are meticulously finished by a master . . . we feel in these complete and seemingly eternal images the very principle of creation: that marvelous and unique *decision* that man, confronted with a universe of forms, has taken—to draw from that universe one form only. And when the drawings are no more than masterly indications . . . then our minds and almost our fingers share in the very mechanism of plastic creation. We are looking on, with inexpressible delight, at the labor and the magic of art. The basic elements of the artist's vision are stripped bare before us, and we can assimilate them much more easily than in painting, where the complex resources of paint, brushwork, and color all unite to conceal the actual inception of the work."

Further along in his foreword to this handsome volume, M. Charles Sterling, Conservator of paintings at the Louvre and Foreign Adviser to the Metropolitan, points out that "this facility for the immediate analysis of a painter's way of seeing, which is offered us by the study of drawings, is obviously a sure means to understanding of a whole school of painting." But is there, he asks—in view of the wide variety of styles and techniques represented in these 145 drawings ranging from a 15th century illumination to Picasso—such a thing as an artistic vision determined by a national civilization?

Yes, he believes. Baldly stated, the French have sought to achieve a "serene equilibrium" between truth to nature and the stylization that embellishes it, avoiding the poles of extreme naturalism and mannerism—even though this may entail a sacrifice in expressive vigor. In his draughtsmanship, the French artist generally seeks a parallel balance of technical means, a union of line with modeling, making free use of chalk, crayon, charcoal, washes, gouache, bistre, Chinese white, water color, as well as the pen and pencil.

Nearly every great French painter was at the same time a great draughtsman; Chardin and to a lesser degree Courbet are exceptions. In France there have been, moreover, an unusual number of great draughtsmen who were not necessarily great painters—the Clouets and Dumoustiers, Callot, Gabriel de Saint-Aubin, Guys, even Daumier. American collections still show gaps in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. But from Watteau on, they are unusually comprehensive. and Miss Shoolman and Mr. Slatkin have made a selection that is both rich and representative. Among the individual artists they have understandably given most space to Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Millet, Degas and Renoir. Facing each example (and thereby greatly facilitating reference and readability) are catalogue data and brief notes on the artist or work, designed to be helpful to both expert and novice.

While only the frontispiece, a Watteau, is in color, showing the tint of the paper and the color of the chalk, the quality of the reproductions is such as to indicate well the original media; and in all cases these are indicated in the text. DAVID BURNHAM.

*The Specter of Alexander Wolf. Gaito Gazdanov. Dutton.* $2.75.

DURING the Russian Revolution a young boy shoots a horseman who has attacked him. The boy rides away leaving the guerrilla for dead on the road. In the years that follow the memory of the killing persists, and it becomes a burden of guilt and anxiety. Later, when he is a journalist in Paris, he reads an accurate description of his encounter in Russia and he realizes that the writer was his victim. The story of his search for and his meeting with the other man, of the inevitable but interesting climax, is the matter of this book.

The outline of the suspense element alone does not, perhaps, give justice to this novel. The scheme is not unknown, and the general treatment here is often with-



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out that tone of magic and mystery that usually accompanies superior psychological tales. But there is, for example, a description of a contemporary malady which is a cause for great derangement in personal conduct and which has been almost completely neglected by the current fiction fellows, the opposing tendencies to be a man of thought or a man of action. This conflict is described by the main character, not fused in him, but he makes clear the vitiating effect of alienating attractions to Baudelaire and to brawls, to plays and football games, to art and weight-lifting, to perfect love and lust.

An awareness of purpose and transcendence, a sense of evil, not common in mystery stories, is also apparent in this book, even though it is interrupted by episodes of action which are unrelated to the main development. They are the "slices of life" which a reporter has experienced and cannot forget—a boxing bout, a love affair, and a gun fight.

Mr. Gazdanov is a newspaperman who lives in Paris. His book, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden, has been published in three other languages.

GEORGE MILES.

*Editor to Author. The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins. Selected and Edited, with Commentary and an Introduction by John Hall Wheelock. Scribner's.* $3.75.

MAXWELL PERKINS has become a legend in publishing. For thirty-seven years he was an editor for Scribner's, and had a considerable hand in the modern novel as we now know it. He was the sort of editor that they say doesn't exist any more—now that most editors are scouts and idea men and a cross between a business-man and a press-agent.

Stories are told about his shyness, his Yankee shrewdness, his deafness, his idiosyncracy of wearing a hat in his office, his fondness for the old Cherio's restaurant, his kindness to young authors and editors. Much has been said and written of his editorial relationship with Thomas Wolfe, the prodigious effort he expended in arranging those packing-cases of manuscript into publishable form, the final break when Wolfe took the packing-cases to Harper. In these letters the situation is cleared up much to the credit of Perkins and all editors. The man who emerges from these letters is larger, more human but more dedicated than the legend.

John Hall Wheelock, his associate of many years, tells us that it had once been Perkins' ambition to be a writer, and that he had been for a while a brilliant reporter on the New York *Times*. He must have soon found a genuine vocation in publishing. His dedication to talent, its discovery and encouragement, was selfless and unstinting. No service was too picayune, from paying an author's dentist bill to finding him a subject to write about, no crank letter beneath his careful attention. No literary snob, he was that ideal editor (and critic) who recognizes levels of performance and integrity in each work, from that which aims highest to that which is


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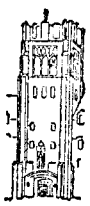

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content merely to entertain. Among the divergent talents he discovered and brought to artistic fruition were Scott Fitzgerald and Will James, Hemingway and Marcia Davenport, Erskine Caldwell and Taylor Caldwell. To each he brought the appropriate understanding and a sure instinct of what was integral in their work.

According to Perkins, the perfect editor is a catalyst. He doesn't project his own personality, his own views or prejudices, into what another has written. His job is simply to help the writer realize his vision. Time and again the letters bring this out. He writes to Scott Fitzgerald: "Do not ever *defer* to my judgment. You won't on any vital point, I know, and I would be ashamed if it were possible to have made you." Always his editorial suggestions are tactful and tentative. "When an editor gets to think he knows more about a writer's book than the writer—and some do—he is dead, done for and dangerous. When he thinks he is a discoverer because he doesn't fail to recognize talent—was a jeweler ever praised because he knows a diamond from a lump of glass?—he is a stuffed shirt and through." To a persistent gadfly of a correspondent he replied: "You ask who I am, and I may as well answer and have done with. I am, or at least should be if I fulfilled myself, John Smith, U.S.A. He is the man who doesn't know much, or think that he knows much."

Maxwell Perkins believed in the anonymity of the editor. He consistently refused to appear on the radio, engage in forums, act as a judge in literary competitions. He believed that the editor "should be neither seen nor heard." Too many editors, today and yesterday, want also to be personalities, to be critics, writers, lecturers. Maxwell Perkins was a great editor because he was a man of integrity; he was dedicated to the highest standards of his profession—a man of humility who was content to devote himself to helping others be themselves and realize their talents.

DONALD DEMAREST.

*Pushkin. Henri Troyat. Pantheon.* $5.00.

IN 1815, when he was fifteen years old, Alexander Pushkin recited a poem he had written before the celebrated Russian poet, Derjavin. The old man was astonished. Tears ran down his face as he listened. He struggled forward to shake Pushkin's hands, and he murmured to the boy, "I have not died."

Later in the year, Pushkin was commissioned by the Minister of Education to write a poem in commemoration of the Czar's return from Paris. Other poems appeared in the leading literary journals, to the acclaim of writers and critics. From that time until his death in a duel at the age of 38, Pushkin was recognized—if not always appreciated—as a great and original poet.

But despite his fame, life was not easy for him. He was vital, passionate, undisciplined. Whatever he did—and he threw himself into all the excitement and frivolity that Russian society opened to a young nobleman—he soon became bored and discontented.



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His restless spirit never fitted into the rigid political discipline of Imperial Russia. In his youth, he was influenced by the liberal ideas circulating in fashionable European circles. Although he never favored revolution or bloodshed or even popular rule, his mildest remarks about liberty were regarded as a serious threat by the Czar. By the time he was twenty, he was exiled from St. Petersburg for his verses ridiculing the Government and praising liberty.

Seven years and one Czar later, he was permitted to return to the capital. But throughout his life, he was under constant police surveillance. Secret agents recorded every move he made—"Pushkin is losing at cards," "Pushkin spoke well of the Emperor," "Pushkin is reading his tragedy." His poems were censored before publication not only by the censors but, as a personal favor, by Czar Nicholas himself. Every political connotation was studied and passed on. Beyond that, the Czar, regarding himself as a final literary arbiter, made sweeping judgments on content and style. *Boris Gudonov* was never produced during Pushkin's lifetime because of what Nicholas considered its artistic deficiencies. Part of *Eugene Onegin* was lost forever because Pushkin tried to save it from official inspection by writing each line on a separate page.

Russian-born biographer Henri Troyat has told the story of Pushkin's turbulent life with authority. M. Troyat is a novelist as well as a biographer; he was awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1938 for an early novel. But in this book, it is the biographer—the carefully documenting and detail-accumulating biographer—who dominates. With scholarly precision, Pushkin's life is chronicled down to the length of his fingernails (unusually long) and the list of his debts (usually even longer). Every available piece of information, including three newly-discovered letters, is recorded, as though M. Troyat had assembled a file of research material and hated to dispense with a single one of his laboriously-collected items. Yet through this cluttered reporting, he captures the color of the man and his time. And in the years after Pushkin's marriage, when life imposed a greater dramatic unity on the facts, the biography sweeps along with the relentlessness of grand tragedy.

But M. Troyat makes little attempt to interpret or explain. The reader has all the intimate knowledge of a snoopy, but sympathetic, next-door neighbor. He relishes Pushkin's funny little epigrams and admires his poetic genius. He knows about Mme. Pushkin's beauty and about her extravagance. He witnesses Pushkin's duel with his wife's handsome lover. He mourns at the poet's death. If he had read the two-volume French edition, he would also be familiar with a critical discussion of Pushkin's works, omitted from this English translation by Randolph T. Weaver. But he is handed no neatly-wrapped theory of why Pushkin acted, or wrote, as he did. After all, M. Troyat did not invent his irrational and contradictory character. He has performed a valuable service in breaking through the wall of solemn commentary to reveal him as a vivid human being.

CAROL H. WEISS.


# New Feature

In recent years The Commonweal has become known for its firsthand dispatches by distinguished writers from other lands. These articles have succeeded in expressing a prevailing feeling and conveying a mood to such an extent that they told more of the current situation than more ambitious attempts at inside information or accumulations of backstage gossip.

In order to present this sort of foreign coverage with greater frequency and regularity, The Commonweal begins next week a new series of from-the-scene dispatches. The first is Donald Attwater's "About Visiting England," which deals in lively fashion with the supposed rigors to be encountered if traveling in England this summer.

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*Medieval Literature in Translation. Edited by Charles W. Jones. Longmans.* $6.00.

I REGARD this anthology as the best on the market. I don't think we have to discuss the question of whether or not such an English language anthology is necessary. It would be hard to find institutions in this country with students able to read poets like Hrotswitha in the Latin original, or professors of comparative medieval literature able to master vernacular languages from Icelandic to Provençal and Portuguese. An anthology like this transcends, of course, the limits of classroom readings, but it is a wonderful encouragement to the student to gain lasting enjoyment from the poetry of the "dark" ages. I am sure too that many readers who don't study systematically will like to leaf through the thousand pages of this rich volume, and will be fascinated by the voices of great poets and writers.

The trouble with every anthology is that any connoisseur in the same field would omit some pieces for others more to his own taste. But on the whole, no fair critic can deny that Professor Jones presents a well balanced and representative selection. The Latin literature has the preponderance that it should have in any book on the Middle Ages. Old English and Irish writings are well represented, while Middle English literature is omitted —it needs no translation and many anthologies of it are available. This volume contains Villon's charming poetry, but not the Italian literature of this period since the latter has already been presented in an anthology on the Continental Renaissance, recently published by Longmans.

Strangely enough the fairy tale poetry of Chrétien de Troyes, the author of the most graceful romantic epics, is missing. But every teacher of medieval literature will welcome the inclusion of a part of the only existing English translation of Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival," which is rather hard to obtain. In most cases the editor was able to choose from excellent English versions. The value of the prose translations of the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Nibelungenlied* may be doubted; they may be useful as "donkey bridges" for those who read these works in the original, but these translations are unfit to give an idea of the poetic character of the works to students who will never know the originals.

Such easy fault-finding could be continued. But as no better anthology exists, such criticisms would be pointless, unless they were to serve as suggestions for a second edition of this most valuable book. MAX FISCHER.

## • REVIEWERS •

DAVID BURNHAM is a novelist, the author of *Winter in the Sun* and *Last Act in Bermuda.*

GEORGE MILES is a graduate of the University of Notre Dame.

DONALD DEMAREST is an editor for the New American Library of World Literature.

CAROL H. WEISS is an executive of a national community service organization.

MAX FISCHER is on the faculty of the New School in New York. He was formerly the literary editor of *Hochland,* Munich.


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